

ADVERTISING

BUSINESS

WHAT STEAM IS TO— Machinery,

THAT GREAT PROPELLING POWER.

THE COMMONWEALTH

E. E. HILLIARD, Editor and Proprietor. "EXCELSIOR" IS OUR MOTTO. VOL. XVII, New Series--Vol. 5. SCOTLAND NECK, N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 23, 1901. NO. 21. SUBSCRIPTION PRICE \$1.00.

IF YOU ARE A HUSTLER YOU WILL ADVERTISE YOUR Business. SEND YOUR ADVERTISEMENT IN NOW.

OVERWORK You know all about it. The rush, the worry, the exhaustion. You go about with a great weight resting upon you. You can't throw off this feeling. You are a slave to your work. Sleep fails, and you are on the verge of nervous exhaustion. What is to be done? Take

Ayer's Sarsaparilla For fifty years it has been lifting up the discouraged, giving rest to the overworked, and bringing refreshing sleep to the depressed. No other Sarsaparilla approaches it. In age and in cures, "Ayer's" is "the leader of them all." It was old before other Sarsaparillas were born. Ayer's Pills aid the action of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. They cure biliousness.

PROFESSIONAL. R. A. C. LIVERMAN, Dentist. Office—Over New Whitehead Building. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 1 o'clock p. m. SCOTLAND NECK, N. C.

D. J. P. WIMBERLEY, OFFICE HOTEL LAWRENCE, SCOTLAND NECK, N. C.

R. W. J. WARD, Surgeon Dentist, ENFIELD, N. C. Office over Harrison's Drug Store.

W. A. DUNN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SCOTLAND NECK, N. C. Practices wherever his services are required.

EDWARD L. TRAVIS, Attorney and Counselor at Law, HALIFAX, N. C. Money Loaned on Farm Lands.

NERVITA PILLS Restore Vitality, Lost Vigor and Method. 60 PILLS 50 CTS. NERVITA TABLETS EXTRA STRENGTH Immediate Results (YELLOW LABEL) Positively guaranteed cure for Loss of Power, Varicocele, Undeveloped or Stagnant Organs, Paralysis, Locomotor Ataxia, Nervous Prostration, Hysteria, Fits, Insanity, Paralysis and the Results of Excessive Use of Tobacco, Opium or Liquor.

NERVITA MEDICAL CO. CLINTON & JACKSON STS., CHICAGO, ILL. FOR SALE BY E. T. WHITEHEAD & CO., SCOTLAND NECK, N. C. FOR MALARIA Use nothing but Macnair's Blood and Liver Pills. W. H. MACNAIR, Tarboro, N. C. or E. T. WHITEHEAD & CO., 22 St. Scotland Neck N. C. TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY Take Laxative Bromo Quinine. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

THE EDITORS' LEISURE HOURS.

Points and Paragraphs of Things Present, Past and Future. The Carthage Blade puts in the following very brave paragraph which is suitable for a column of "passing events."

"The baseball craze is now on for the season and there will be time and money enough thrown away in North Carolina this year over this one sport that, if well applied, would create several fortunes. If every time there is a meeting to organize a baseball club the purpose should be changed and a company organized to pursue and push some profitable industry there would be much less idleness and more thrift and prosperity in the land."

We assure the Raleigh Post that its kind suggestion of Saturday was taken in good part. In this column last week THE COMMONWEALTH mentioned the rather remarkable fact that a lad named Mills, who a few years ago was selling peanuts on the railroads leading from Chicago, now controls the peanut slot machine business and employs 600 men. We said that whoever has genius, inventive genius, or the genius for hard labor, may reasonably expect to do something, for our age is so appreciative of such qualities that he who possesses them receives recognition.

The Raleigh Post warns us that such things as we said last week, although every word true, will cause us to be "read out of the party" if we don't mind.

Now, we had no more thought of politics in what we wrote than we had of doing violence to the American flag; and we can't see how such a little innocent truth as we stated can hurt anyone with those who cannot think outside of political lines or who can see nothing except through political glasses.

But we stick to it—"truth, plain and perseverance" are a good motto for anyone. The railroad activities in North Carolina just now are quite encouraging. There seems to be a tendency to more such work in the State than for some time past. The Manufacturers' Record notes the following concerning three different railroad interests in the State now:

"The plan to build a railroad between Washington and Plymouth, N. C., has reached a point where contracts have been let and the necessary financial arrangements made, according to a statement of E. A. Armstrong of Camden, N. J., who is president of the company. The road will be about thirty-five miles in length. Among those associated with Mr. Armstrong are W. H. Whaley and R. S. Cohn of Norfolk, Va.

LEGAL KNOWLEDGE.

Its Value to the Business Man. BUT HE NEEDS THE LAWYER.

L. B. in Advertising World. Sometimes a merchant buys a Blackstone and enters upon the study of law. If he can find time for such a course of study, it will prove profitable in a general way, but if he expects thereby to escape lawyer's fees, when involved in trouble, he is treating on dangerous ground.

Without a practical knowledge of the workings of legal machinery, he had better trust to the advice of a man who makes law his business. His legal acquisitions may enable him to see pitfalls into which, in blind simplicity, he might otherwise stumble, but to escape them he will need an experienced guide.

Law, in its final reduction, has been defined as "common sense." This phrase may truly define its fundamental principles, but it is hard to harmonize some of the twists of legal procedure with the scope of such a definition. Besides, people do not always agree on what may be considered a common-sense proposition. Men look at things from different angles, and it does not always pay to draw inferences as to what is law in a certain case from what may seem its common-sense aspect.

This is a frequent mistake of the layman. A man is usually more opinionated and assertive of what he considers his legal rights, before giving the matter study, than afterwards. He finds so much of his fancied knowledge shattered by the cold steel of facts that he begins to move cautiously. The legally ignorant man often enters upon undertakings in which the number of possible legal complications would make his head dizzy with anxiety if he knew of them. In fact a large number of business transactions leave innumerable loopholes for a tangle of litigation. Reputation, financial standing and friendship figure in many business deals that would fall to the ground if left to the advice of an attorney.

In general, however, it would be better if the business man knew his ground, and he would usually save money by consulting an attorney before entering on new departures. His own legal requirements should comprise a basic knowledge of commercial law. He should know the essentials of a good contract; this would improve his judgment and give him a better understanding of his rights and obligations. But the business man can not keep posted on the mass of court decisions, handed down from day to day, in which fine distinctions are drawn and seeming variations arise to apparently similar cases. It takes too much time and the busy man can better afford to pay someone else for the service.

Newspapers an All-Round Blessing. Sallie Joy White, in Woman's Home Companion. I wonder how many comprehend the value of the newspapers. Not in its first estate merely, because of that there is no question. Of course, women fully value the newspaper in its first freshness, but how about it after they have gotten all they can from it in reading? Not all of them know its possibilities in its last estate. All old newspapers should be saved, folded neatly and given a place in the tool-chest, where they will be at hand when needed.

Moths do not like printer's ink, and there is no more secure way of disposing of the winter clothing than to pack it away in newspapers. The articles, whether woolen or fur, should be well beaten in the open air, to make sure that no eggs are deposited already, then folded carefully and pasted closely in newspaper, so that there shall be no crack into which the insidious little insect may creep. By packing carefully in this way you will not need camphor, moth-balls, pepper or tobacco or any of the moth preventives so frequently recommended. If there is any trouble when the articles are unpacked in the autumn it will be because the mischief was done before the article was packed. This is written out of twenty-five years of experience, during which time no garment thus packed has been touched by the moth or the buffalo-bug.

THE RAIN SONG OF THE ROBIN.

Kate Upon Clark: Oh, the rain song of the robin! How it thrills my heart to hear The rain song of the robin in the summer of the year!

How I long for wings to join him where his carol poureth free, And for words to bag the secret of his magic minstrelsy.

Does he sing because he revels in the fury of the storm? In the thunder and the lightning does he find a hidden charm? Or, with prophet eye enraptured, does he see the darkness past, And the beauty which shall bloom when the clouds disperse at last?

When the rain on me descendeth, and Thy clouds about me roll, Grant, O God, the power of singing to my tempest-stricken soul! May I see Thy mercy shining far beyond the outer gloom! May I hear Thine angels chanting! May I see Thy lilies bloom!

A Man of the Book.

John Wesley. To candid, reasonable men, I am not afraid to lay open what have been the inmost thoughts of my heart. I have thought, I am a creature of a day, passing through life as an arrow passing through the air. I am a spirit come from God, and returning to God; just hovering over the great gulf; till a few moments hence, I am no more seen! I drop into an unchangeable eternity! I want to know one thing, the way to heaven; how to land safe on that happy shore. God himself hath condescended to teach the way; for this very end he came from Heaven. He hath written it down in a book! Oh give me that book! At any price, give me that book of God! I have it here: here is knowledge enough for me. Let me be a man of one book. Here then I am, far from the busy ways of men. I sit down alone: only God is here. In his presence I open, read this book; for this end, to find the way to heaven. Is there a doubt concerning the meaning of what I read? Does anything appear dark or intricate? I lift up my heart to the Father of lights. Lord, is it not thy word, "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God?" Thou "givest liberally and upbraidest not." Thou hast said, "if any be willing to do thy will, he shall know." I am willing to do; let me know thy will. I then search after, and consider parallel passages of Scripture, "comparing spiritual things with spiritual." I meditate thereon, with all the attention and earnestness of which my mind is capable. And what I thus learn, that I teach.

"Our little girl was unconscious from strangulation during a sudden and terrible attack of croup. I quickly secured a bottle of One Minute Cough Cure, giving her three doses. The croup was mastered and our little darling speedily recovered." So writes A. L. Spafford, Chester, Mich. E. T. Whitehead & Co.

Strong Men. Scientific American. The Roman soldiers, who built such wonderful roads and carried a weight of armor and luggage that would crush the average farm-hand, lived on brown bread and sour wine. They were temperate in diet and regular and constant in exercise. The Spanish peasant works every day and dances half the night, yet eats only the black bread, onion and watermelon. Smyrna porters eat only a little fruit and sour olives, yet he walks off with his load of one hundred pounds. The Coolie, fed on rice, is more active and can endure more than the negro fed on fat on fat meat.

OLD RED RYE.

Ingersoll's Eulogy of Whiskey and Dr. Buckley's Reply.

Selected. "I send you some of the most wonderful whiskey that ever drove the skeleton from the feast or painted landscapes in the brain of man. It is the mingled souls of wheat and corn. In it you will find the sunshine and shadow that chased each other over billowy fields, the breath of the lark, the dew of the night, the wealth of summer and autumn's rich content, all golden with imprisoned light. Drink it, and you will hear the voice of men and maidens singing the 'Harvest Home,' mingled with the laughter of children. Drink it, and you will feel within your blood the starred dawns, the dreamy, tawny dusks of perfect days. For forty years this liquid joy has been within staves of oak, longing to touch the lips of man."

DR. J. M. BUCKLEY'S REPLY.

"I send you some of the most wonderful whiskey that ever brought a skeleton into the closet, or painted scenes of lust and bloodshed in the brain of man. It is the ghost of wheat and corn, crazed by the loss of their natural bodies. In it you will find a transient sunshine, chased by a shadow cold as Arctic midnight, in which the breath of June gorges tey, and the carol of the lark gives place to the foreboding cry of the raven. Drink it, and you shall have woe, sorrow, babbling and wounds without cause, your eyes shall behold strange women, your heart shall utter perverse thoughts. Drink it deep, and you shall hear the voice of demons shrieking, women wailing and worse than orphaned children mourning the loss of a father who yet lives. Drink it deep, and serpents will hiss in your ear, coil themselves about your neck and seize you with their fangs; for 'at last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.' For forty years this liquid death has been within staves of oak, harmless there as purest water. I send it to you that you may put an enemy in your mouth to steal away your brains. And yet I call myself your friend."

Mr. W. J. Baxter, of North Brook, N. C., says he suffered with piles for fifteen years. He tried many remedies with no result until he used DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve and that quickly cured him. E. T. Whitehead & Co.

Whittier's Dog.

St. Nicholas. During one of the last birthday celebrations of the poet Whittier, he was visited by a celebrated oratorical singer. The lady was asked to sing, and, seating herself at the piano, she began the beautiful ballad, "Robin Adair." She had hardly begun before Mr. Whittier's pet dog came into the room, and, seating himself by her side, watched her as if fascinated and listened with a delight unusual in an animal. When she had finished he came and put his paw very gravely into her hand and licked her cheek. "Robin takes that as a tribute to himself," said Mr. Whittier. "He also is Robin Adair." The dog, hearing his own name, evidently considered that he was the hero of the song. From that moment, during the lady's visit, he was her devoted attendant. He kept by her side when she was indoors, and accompanied her when she went to walk. When she went away he carried her satchel in his mouth to the gate, and watched her departure with every evidence of distress.

"Go It, Balaam."

Geo. T. Angell, in Our Dumb Animals. A letter received calls pleasantly to mind a little incident:

In 1813 I entered (as a sophomore) Dartmouth College, and sometime after was appointed to represent my class in a discussion before one of the two large college societies. My opponent of the junior class, a man by the name of Smith, thought he could make a good deal of fun out of my name (I being the first of that name in Dartmouth College), and with the aid of "Milton's Paradise Lost" and otherwise, he did succeed in making considerable fun at my expense, although I think the students considered it unfair—but he wound up by saying that for an angel he thought I had accomplished very little in the way of argument. As I rose to reply a thought came and I said: "Mr. President, I feelly admit that I may not have accomplished all I should have been glad to in the way of argument, but I believe I have accomplished one thing that has never been accomplished but once before in the history of the world—and that was when an angel opened the mouth of Balaam's ass." My reply brought great applause—Smith obtained on the football ground the title of "Balaam"—"Go it, Balaam," etc., and it fell to my lot some time afterwards to be elected to preside over the meetings in the society above referred to.

You are much more liable to disease when your liver and bowels do not act properly. DeWitt's Little Early Risers remove the cause of disease. E. T. Whitehead & Co.

Quicker Than Thought: A little boy, hearing some one remark that nothing was quicker than thought, said he knew better than that: whistling was quicker than thought. Being asked to explain, he said: "In school the other day I whistled before I thought and got a licking for it."—Evangelist.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers search the remotest parts of the bowels and remove the impurities speedily with no discomfort. They are famous for their efficacy. Easy to take, never gripe. E. T. Whitehead & Co.

An Irish recruit was once brought up for breaking into barracks—that is, getting over the wall instead of entering by the gate. "But, Murphy," said the officer, "though you were late, you should have come in by the gate." "Please yer honor," said Murphy. "I was afraid of waking the sentry."—Tit-Bits.

The least in quantity and most in quality describes DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous pills for constipation and liver complaints. E. T. Whitehead & Co.

"Fame," said the youth with the earnest intellectual expression, "is so hard to attain! It is so difficult for one to get himself talked about!" "Humph!" rejoined the woman with cold blue eyes and firm jaw. "You just ought to live up in our neighborhood."

Skin affections will readily disappear by using DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. Look out for counterfeits. If you get DeWitt's you will get good results. It is the quick and positive cure for piles. E. T. Whitehead & Co.

A certain bishop, as he was going about his diocese, asked the porter of a lunatic asylum how a chaplain whom he (the bishop) had lately appointed was getting on. "Oh, my lord," said the man, "his preaching is most successful. The idiot enjoy it particularly."—Tit-Bits.

Train on the Scotland Neck Branch leaves Weldon 3:55 p. m., Halifax 4:17 p. m., arrives Scotland Neck at 5:08 p. m., Greenville 6:37 p. m., Kingston 7:55 p. m. Returning leaves Kingston 7:50 a. m., Greenville 8:52 a. m., arriving Halifax at 11:18 a. m., Weldon 11:33 a. m., daily except Sunday.

Train on Washington Branch leave Washington 8:10 a. m. and 2:30 p. m., arrive Farme 9:10 a. m. and 4:00 p. m., returning leave Farme 9:30 a. m. and 6:30 p. m., arrive Washington 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m., daily except Sunday.

Train leaves Tarboro, N. C., daily except Sunday 5:30 p. m., Sunday, 4:15 p. m., arrives Plymouth 7:40 p. m., 6:10 p. m., returning leaves Plymouth daily except Sunday, 7:50 a. m. and Sunday 9:00 a. m., arrives Tarboro 10:10 a. m., 11:00 a. m.

Train on Midland N. C. Branch leaves Goldsboro daily, except Sunday, 5:00 a. m., arriving Smithfield 6:10 a. m., returning leaves Smithfield 7:50 a. m., arrives at Goldsboro 8:25 a. m.

Trains on Nashville Branch leave Rocky Mount at 9:30 a. m., 4:03 p. m., arrive Nashville 10:20 a. m., 4:03 p. m., Spring Hope 11:00 a. m., 4:25 p. m., returning leave Spring Hope 11:20 a. m., 4:55 p. m., arrive at Rocky Mount 12:10 a. m., 6:00 p. m., daily except Sunday.

Train on Clinton Branch leaves Warsaw for Clinton daily, except Sunday, 11:40 a. m. and 4:25 p. m., returning leaves Clinton at 6:50 a. m. and 2:50 a. m.

Train No. 78 makes close connection at Weldon for all points North daily, all rail via Richmond. H. M. EMERSON, Gen'l Pass. Agent. J. R. KENLY, Gen'l Manager. T. M. EMERSON, Traffic Manager.

Toasting - broiling baking - ironing anything that can be done with a wood or coal fire is done better, cheaper and quicker on a WICKLESS Blue Flame Oil Stove. Heat is not diffused throughout the house—there is no smell, soot, or danger, and the expense of operating is nominal. Made in many sizes; sold wherever stoves are sold. If your dealer does not have it write to nearest agency of STANDARD OIL COMPANY.